

3^d.

Eng. Poetry vol 17

COLLECTION

OF-

POEMS

ON

State-Affairs,

Several never before Printed.

PART I.

To be Continu'd.

LONDON

Printed: And Sold by the Booksellers, 1712.
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COLLECTION

P.O. BOX 2

NO.



Several never before printed.

PART I.

To be Continued.

FOR SALE

Printed and Sold by the Author, 1712

Price 25

(3)

A
COLLECTION
OF
P O E M S
ON
Affairs of State.

A Satyr upon ———.

1.

YE True-Bron *Englishmen* proceed,
Our trifling Crimes detect,
Let the Poor starve, Religion bleed,
The *Dutch* be damn'd, the *French* succeed,
And all by your Neglect.

2.

Your Actions all the World disgust,
The *French* are only glad,
Your Friends your Honesty distrust,
And while you think you're Wise and Just,
The Nation thinks you Mad.

A 2

And

3.

Are these the Ways your Wisdom takes,
To raise our Reputation ;
To Quarrel at a few Mistakes,
Whilst *France* her own Advantage makes,
And Laughs at all the Nation.

4.

You are the People who of Old
The Nations Troop's Disbanded,
And now you should your Friends up-hold,
Your Friends and you are Bought and Sold,
As always was intended.

5.

There's none but Fools in time to come,
Will Trust the *English* Nation ;
For if they do, they know their Doom,
That we'll be falling out at Home,
And baulk their Expectation.

6.

You are the Nation's grand Defence,
Against illegal Power,
And yet against both Law and Sense,
And sometimes too without pretence,
You send Folk to the *Tower*.

7.

Some Lords your Anger have incurr'd,
For Treaty of *Partition* :
But if you'll take the Nation's Word,
Most People think it was absurd,
And empty of Discretion.

For

(5)

1 8.

For if that *Treaty*, as 'tis fain'd,
Gave part of *Spain* to *Gaul*,
Why should those Gentlemen be blam'd,
When you your selves are not asham'd,
To let them take it all.

9.

Bribes and ill-Practices you found,
And some Few felt your Power,
But soon you run your selves a-ground,
For had you push'd the Matter round,
You'd all gone to th' *Tower*.

10.

Some Reformation hath from you,
In vain, been long expected,
But when you shou'd the Business do,
Your private Quarrels you pursue,
And the Nation lies neglected.

11.

Long has the Kingdom born the weight
Of your Deficient Funds,
That Parliament'ry Publick Cheat,
Pray where's the Difference of that,
And Plund'ring with Dragons.

12.

Are you the People that complain
Of *Arbitrary Power*?
Then shew the Nation, if you can,
Where Kings have been since Kings began,
Such Tyrants as you now are.

For

A 3

When

13.

When Kings with Right and Law dispence,
 And set up Power Despotick,
 It has been counted Law and Sense
 To take up Arms against our Prince,
 And call in Aids Exotick.

14.

But-you, altho' your Powers depend
 On every Plow-man's Vote,
 Beyond the Law that Power extend,
 To Ruin those you should Defend,
 And Sell the Power you Bought.

15.

The King Religion did commend
 To you his *Law-Explainers*,
 We know not what you may intend;
 Nor how you should *Religion* mend,
 Unless you will your *Manners*.

16.

You are the Nation's darling Sons,
 The abstract of our Mob;
 For City *Knights*, and Wealthy *Clowns*,
Stock-Jobbers, *Statesmen*, and *Buffoons*,
 You may defy the Globe.

17.

Toland insults the Holy Ghost,
 Brib'd S—— Bribes accuses,
 Good Manners and Religion's lost,
 The King who was your Lord of Host,
 The Rascal H—— abuses.

Your

(7)

18.

Your Statesmen ~~G~~—~~alle~~, with intent
To Cultivate with Care,
The Dignity of Parliament,
Plies closely at the *Dancing-Tent*,
And manages *May-Fair*.

19.

The True-Born Heroe's Diligence,
For Publick good appears,
There he refines his Wit and Sense,
That he next Day in our Defence
May fill Committee-Chairs.

20.

The Limitation of the Crown
Is your immediate Care;
If your *Wife Articles* go done,
Your Power will be so Lawless grown,
'Tis no matter who's the Heir.

21.

Did we for this Depose our Prince,
And Liberty assume,
That you should with our Laws dispense,
Commit Mankind without Offence,
And Govern in his room?

22.

You shou'd find out some other Word
To give the Crown's *Acceptor*,
To call him King wou'd be absurd,
For tho' he'll seem to wear the Sword,
'Tis You have got the *Scepter*.

And

23.

'And now your Wrath is smoaking hot
 Against the *Kent* Petition,
 No Man alive can tell for what,
 But telling *Truths* which pleas'd you not,
 And taxing your Discretion.

24.

If you those Gentlemen detain,
 By your unbounded Power,
 'Tis hop'd you'll never more complain
 Of Bishops in King *James's* Reign,
 Sent blindly to the *Tower*.

25.

A strange *Memorial* too there came,
 Your Members to affront,
 Which told you *Truths* you dare not Name,
 And so the Paper 'scap'd the Flame,
 Or else it had been Burnt.

26.

Some said the Language was severe,
 And into Passion flew;
 Some too began to Curse and Swear,
 And call'd the Author *Mutinere*,
 But all Men said 'twas True.

27.

But Oh! the Consternation now,
 In which you all appear!
 'Tis plain from whence your Terrors flew;
 For had your Guilt been less you knew,
 So would have been your Fear.

In

(9)

28.

In Fifteen Articles you are told,
You have our *Right*; betray'd;
Banter'd the Nation; bought and sold
The Liberties you shou'd up-hold:
No wonder you're afraid.

29.

And now, to make your selves appear
The more Impertinent,
A wise *Address* you do prepare,
To have his Majesty take Care
Rebellion to prevent.

30.

No doubt his Majesty will please
To take your Cause in Hand,
Besides, the Work is done with ease,
Full *Seven Thousand Men* he has,
The Nation to defend.

31.

One Hundred Thousand Heroes more,
Do our *Train'd-Bands* compose,
If Foreign Forces shou'd come o'er,
Plant them and you upon the Shore,
How bravely you'd Oppose.

32.

Then Blush, ye Senators to see,
How all Men stand dismay'd,
The Nation shou'd so patient be,
To bear with all your Villany,
And see themselves betray'd.

B

It

33.

It was our Freedom to Defend,
 That *We the People* chose you,
 And *We the People* do pretend,
 Our power of Choosing may extend
 To Punish and Depose you.

34.

For since in vain our Hopes and Fears,
 Petitions too are vain,
 No Remedy but this appears,
 To pull the House about your Ears,
 And send you Home again.

35.

These are the Nation's Discontents,
 The Causes are too true,
 The Plough-man now his Choice repents,
 For tho' he values Parliaments,
 He's out of Love with You.

36.

When, to be chose, with Cap in Hand
 You courted every Voice,
 You were our Servants at Command,
 By which it seems you Understand,
 Untill we made our Choice,

37.

If that be True, we let you know,
 Upon that very Score,
 You'd best your present Hours bestow
 In all the Mischiefs you can do,
 We'll never Choose you more.

A Satyr upon the Whiggs.

I

TIS Strange the Whiggs should undertake,
 God's Holy-Church to mend,
 Who never truly, for his sake,
 Did any Reformation make
 But for another End.

2

'Tis true, to Cheat believing Fools,
 They Sanctify their Cause,
 And call it God's; but wiser Skulls
 Observe, they only make Men Tools,
 To over-turn the Laws.

3

That they who new Religions seek,
 May rise to Wealth and Pow'r,
 By hearing Nonsense twice a week,
 From Countenance divinely Meek,
 Altho' confounded Sour.

4

Such as prefer a Pantile-Booth,
 Or Barn, to Church and Steeple;
 And just have Sence enough to sooth,
 By Flams and Shams, a Proud, Uncooth,
 And Hollow-Hearted People.

5

*That E'ery Jack-a-Napes may bug
His Chain, and call it Freedom,
And o'er his Cups, like Peter Lag,
Preach Treason, and turn Rebel Rogue,
When e'er their Leaders need 'em.*

6

*Had the wise Managers obtain'd
The good Success they wanted,
How the Poor Doctor, they arraign'd,
Had been be-Devil'd thro' the Land,
Instead of being Sainted.*

7

*Then Faction would have ty'd the Tongues
Of all our Learned Preachers;
And Blockheads, Conscious of no Wrongs,
With Brainless Heads, and Bullocks Lungs,
Would then have been our Teachers.*

8

*And Atheists, who have no regard
To what is Just or Holy,
Had then sat High at Council-Board,
And Rul'd us with a Two-Edg'd Sword,
To recompence our Folly.*

9.

*Five Hundred Kings we should have had,
Besides a Lord-Protector;
The Church o'er-turn'd, the Throne betray'd;
The People into Bondage led,
But Curse the Good Projector.*

Wh

10.

*Who laid the Scheme for such a Plot,
Which might have been effected,
Had not the Knaves been over Hot,
When they'd such great Advantage got,
By what the Fools neglected.*

11.

*But Modern Whiggs are only fit
To lay a Plot Foundation :
For e'er they raise it to its Height,
Their over Heat, or want of Wit,
Still saves the sinking Nation.*

12.

*Or their impatient Managers,
By Means they were unskill'd in,
Would ne'er have pull'd about their Ears,
What they and all their Fiery P——s,
Had been so long in Building.*

13.

*Nor left their Party to be mall'd,
And pelted with the Ruins
Of that dear Babel, which their bald,
Irrev'rend Guides and B——ps call'd,
The Lord A——y's doings.*

14.

*But now 'tis evidently plain,
The Works they us'd to boast of,
Were all projected for their gain,
And manag'd like their War with S——n,
For K——s to make the most of.*

But

15

*By such good Arts the Nation's Coin
 They got into their Clutches;
 And had they finish'd their Design,
 We should have all been rul'd, infine,
 By M——h and his D——fs.*

16

*But Wiser Heads the Project spoil'd,
 And undermin'd their Cunning,
 That now the Saints, who were so Mild,
 Are grown so very Mad, and Wild,
 As if to Bedlam running.*

17

*'Tis better far the Wiggs should Fume,
 Because they're Disappointed,
 Than that worse Plotters than of Rome,
 Should Treacherously over-come
 God's Church and His Annointed.*

18

*But Providence has chang'd the Scene,
 And in the Nick Protected,
 The Church from Danger, and the Queen,
 Who both had long encompass'd been,
 By Persons Disaffected.*

19

*The M——y of late, by those
 Commended now so highly,
 Who are the Kingdom's open Foes,
 And are Fomenting Civil Blows,
 Altho' they do it sily.*

But

*But those who now command the Helm,
 Know how to watch their Waters,
 And to preserve Church, Queen, and Realm,
 From those that want to over-whelm
 All Three, like Whiggs and Traytors.*

The Blind Woman and her Doctors.

A Wealthy Matron now grown old
 Was weak in e'ery Part;
 Afflicted sore with Rhumes and Cold,
 Yet pretty sound at Heart.
 But most her Eyes began to fail,
 Depriv'd of needful light:
 Nor cou'd her Spectacles avail
 To rectify their Sight.
 Receipts she try'd, she Doctors fee'd,
 And spar'd for no Advice
 Of Men of Skill, or Quacks for need
 That practise on sore Eyes.
 Salves they dawb'd on, and Plaisters both,
 And this, and that was done:
 Then Flannels, and a Forehead-cloth,
 To bind and keep them on.
 Her House tho' small, was furnish'd neat,
 And e'ery Room did shine
 With Pictures, Tapestry, and Plate,
 All Rich, and wond'rous fine.
 Whilst they kept blind the silly Soul,
 Their Hands found Work enough,
 They pilfer'd Plate, and Goods they stole,
 Till all was carry'd off.

When

When they undamm'd their Patient's Eyes,
 And now pray how's your Sight?
 Crys t'other, this was my advice,
 I knew 'twou'd set you right.
 Like a stuck Pig the Woman star'd,
 And up and down she run:
 With naked House, and Walls, quite scar'd,
 She found her self undone.
 Doctors, quoth she, your Cure's my pain,
 For what are Eyes to me?
 Bring Salves and Forehead-Cloths again,
 I've nothing left to see.

*See injur'd Britain thy unhappy Case,
 Thou Patient with distemper'd Eyes:
 State Quacks but nourish the Disease,
 And thrive by Treacherous Advice.
 If fond of the Expensive Pain,
 When eighteen Millions run on Score:
 Let them clap Mufflers on again,
 And Physick Thee of Eighteen more.*

A Character of the English.

THE Free-born *English*, Generous and Wise,
 Hate Chains, but do not Government despise:
 Rights of the Crown, Tribute and Taxes they,
 When Lawfully Exacted, freely pay.
 Force they abhor, and Wrong they scorn to bear,
 More guided by their Judgment than their Fear;
 Justice with them is never held severe. }
 Here Power by Tyranny was never got;
 Laws may perhaps Ensnare them, Force cannot:
 Rash

Rash Councils here, have still the same Effect;
 The surest way to Reign, is to Protect.
 Kings are least safe in their unbounded Will,
 Joyn'd with the Wretched Power of doing ill.
 Forfaken most when they're most Absolute;
 Laws guard the Man, and only bind the Brute:
 To forcethat Guard, and with the worst to joyn;
 Can never be a prudent King's design;
 What King would chuse to be a *Cataline*?
 Break his own Laws, stake an *unquestion'd* Throne,
 Conspire with Vassals to Usurp his own?
 'Tis rather some base Favourite's Vile pretence,
 To Tyrannize at the Wrong'd King's expence:
 Let *France* grow Proud, beneath the Tyrants Lust?
 While the Rackt People crawl and lick the Dust:
 The mighty Genius of this Isle disdains
 Ambitious Slavery and Golden Chains.
England to servile Yoke did never bow,
 What Conquerors ne'er presum'd who dares do now?
Roman nor *Norman* ever could pretend
 To have Enslav'd, but made this Isle their Friend.

A Poem Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable
 H—y St. J—n, Esq; S—y of
 S—e, on his Vigilance for the Good
 of the Publick.

A S Mariners, that in a Storm are tost,
 If they can get in safety to the Shore,
 Ne'er mind the Toil and Pains it cost,
 But put it all on Safety's Score;

So, Loyal Sir, tho' you have been of late,
 Plagu'd with a damn'd Vexatious Crew;
 That strive to over-throw the Church and State:
 Remember, therefore, what to Both is due.

Let not the Laws, Religion, and the State,
 Be lodg'd within the Power of those
 Whom you may see, by their devoted Hate,
 Have sworn themselves the Queen and Kingdom's
 [Foes.

Why do they Quarrel else, without Occasion,
 And fill the Rabble with such causeless Fears?
 Why do they still Enflame the Nation,
 But for to set's together by the Ears?

They talk of Perkin, Arbitrary Power,
 Of Subjects Rights and Priviledges too;
 Where was our Priviledge in that sad Hour,
 When this, this curs'd Faction did the Land
 [subdue?

Then Sacriledge, and Murder, were no Crimes,
 Then Arbitrary Power was not nam'd;
 Tho' all that knew, or bear'd of those sad Times,
 Must doubtless think those very Saints were
 [damn'd.

If State-Affronts, and such Crimes go free,
 As they of late have giv'n, with great Applause,
 What need they Care how Wicked then they be,
 So they can carry on the Good Old-Cause?

Go on, great Sir, and put the *Laws in Force*,
 If you'd be *Safe*, there's nothing else will do :
 Let not *Injurious Pity* stop their Course,
 To favour any of the *Faction's Crew*.

Then will our *Isle* enjoy a *Happy State*,
 And *Anna* Reign in *safety* on Her *Throne*;
 By your *Example*, would Her *Friends* increase,
 And all *Obediently* Her *Power* own ?

On *Friendship*, inscrib'd to the *Duke of Marlborough* and *Prince Eugene*.

NO! There's nothing, nothing here,
 That's beneath the *Sun* and *Sphere*,
 Tho' you joyn the *Rich Peru*,
 With *What Both Indies* shew,
 That can to equal *Value* rise
 With *Souls* combin'd by *mutual Ties*.
Friendship builds, *Phoenix* like, her *Nest* on *High*,
 And scorns th' *Embraces* of the *Lower Sky* ;
 And *Borders*, *Borders* on *Seraphick Harmony*.
 For the *Happy Wond'rous Pair*
 Once *United*, needs no *Number* there :
 For *Two* in *One* can so *combine*
 That they *Reciprocally* joyn ;
Contract ; and such a *Union* boast,
 That *Each* is in the *Other* lost,
 Tog'ether *Clouded*, and together *shine*.
 Fill up the *Glass*, *Philander*, it is *thine*,
 Fill it with *Illustrious Wine* :

Let th' Enchanting Liquor rise
 To please the *Pallat* and the *Eyes* ;
 Again, and again, for this will not suffice.
 A Health to *Eugene*, Silence ! Musick there,
 Let the Circ'ling Eccho's bear
 That Warlike Accent to the Ear.
 Here's a Health to His Friend that is Lasting
 [and True
 Who never the Change of Interest knew,
 Who values our Heroe as much in Disgrace
 As if he were in the first Fav'rite's Place ;
 Or Governs himself by the popular Sway,
 Like Him that Creates and Enlightens the Day.
 Again advance, ye Musick ; now
 Vocal ; and Instrumental too ;
 High ; and Low ; and *all* that can
 Inspire the *Blood* in each Wandering Vein,
 And fill the *whole Soul* with th' harmonious Strain

*The Twentieth Psalm imitated from
 Buchanan, in the Year 1648.*

I.

THO' the ungodly Senate has decreed
 That Jacob's Rightful Heir shall not succeed ;
 Tho' they resolve their Treason to sustain,
 And wage perpetual War e'er he shou'd Reign ;
 Tho' they proclaim their Calumnies aloud,
 Varnish'd with holy Zeal t' amuse the Crowd ;
 Tho' with united Force they shou'd command
 To raze with Fire and Sword the Faithful Land :

O Gift of Heav'n! Who 'scap'd the Hydra's Paws,
Despond not to subvert their Guilty Laws,
The Father's God will prop the Children's Cause. }

2.

The Almighty weighs the Just, and sees them weak;
Implore his Aid for his Beloved's Sake.
He from on High will grant thy Soul's Desire,
Extend thy Camp, and all their Hearts inspire
With pious Ardour and undaunted Fire;
And then their Leader, thro' his Maker strong,
Shall, with an awful Glance, abash the guilty Throng. }

3.

These Wonders will to Future Days remain,
To prove thou hast not paid thy Vows in vain,
But that thy Sacred Incense did arise,
Welcom'd, as Sign of Love, with Op'ning Skies.

4.

O! may the God of Order put a Close
To our Confusions, and convert thy Foes;
Then shalt thou Rule the Land with saving Grace,
And we, thy weary Train, shall rest in Peace.

5.

And now I see the Heaven's expanded wide,
The crowded Skies Recoiling on each Side,
The World's Redeemer gloriously appears,
To sooth thy Sorrows, and disperse thy Fears:

High

*High on his Holy Mount he sits alone,
Bright is his Foot-stool, brighter is his Throne.
But O! His Face whose Lustre is no less
Than what Ten Thousand Suns can't all express.
Rob'd with Omnipotence, behold him stand,
While all the Heav'nly Ministerial Band,
At humble Distance wait their Lord's Command.*

6.

*From his bright Eyes Flashes of Rage are hurl'd,
While, for the Guilt of Sin, he spurns the World:
And wheresoe'er his angry Voice is bore,
It quells the mighty Thunder's loudest Roar :
Lo, thus he speaks, ' Tho' Seas and Earth combine }
' To Oppose thy Right, thy Title is Divine ;
' Thou'rt my Anointed, Vengeance shall be mine. }
' Tho' sinful Tribes, ally'd to be thy Foes,
' Prosper a while, yet certain are their Woes :
' Let them rejoyce to hear their Terrors fly,
' And Rattling thro' the Clouds insult the Sky :
' Let them confide in those, and vainly boast
' Their well Caparison'd and Warlike Host.
' Thou art the genuine Offspring of the Just,
' In Me alone, thy God, repose thy Trust.*

7.

*O Heavens ! let not this Vision be in vain,
But aid thy Servant graciously to Reign,
That when, thro' Thee, he's settled on his Throne,
He our Complaints may hear, as thou hast heard his own.*

In praise of War: A Paradox.

} PEACE, thou Corrupter of *Mortality*,
 Mother of *Shame*, and base *Security*:
 Whose *beggar'd Womb* so many *Bastards* brings,
 Three parts must *Starve*; the rest, like *Demy-Kings*,
 Reign o'er their *Brothers*, all maligne their *Birth*,
 To have one *Father*, yet are *Slaves* on *Earth*:
 Aid me, ye *Powers*, whose *Influence* got you *Fame*,
 To rip the *Womb* of *Peace*, and thew her *Shame*.
Peace makes fair *Show*, but yet 'tis foul within,
Peace, like to *Rivers*, feeds a *Sea* of *Sin*:
 Let *War* in *Foreign Lands* hunt drowfie *Peace*;
 And in a just Cause *Man's Renown* Increase.
 'Tis wholesome *War* dissolves the Cause of *Sin*,
 Men best Repent when *Dangers* near, begin
 To show their *Faces*; but while *Peace* does hold,
 Our *Strength* is *Weak*, and our *Devotion* *Cold*:
Safety from *Worldly Danger* makes Men think,
 They that stand fast on *Earth*, shall never sink:
 The *Country Miser*, who his *Bags* preserves,
 And Feeds him *Fat*, while many thousands *Starves*,
 Is thus occasion'd by this *Sloathful Peace*,
 Which lessens *Vertue*, to make *Vice* increase:
 'Tis fearless *Peace*, makes *Pleasure* *Man's* chief *God*,
 We want both *Sight* and *Feeling* of *War's* Rod.
 That Land more happy is that *War* doth nourish,
 Causing the *World* in better State to flourish:
 For *Danger* makes us fear a sudden End,
War sads the *Soul* because it did offend:
 The *Fear* of *Danger* makes each *Man* prepar'd,
 And of his ill-past *Life* to have *Regard*:

Danger

Danger calls *Conscience* to a strict Account,
Repentance makes a heavy *Soul* to mount.
'Tis soft *Security* lulls Men in Sin,
Where only *Heav'n* is *Earth's* delight to win.
'Tis Idle *Peace* that breeds in us much *Faction*,
And kills at *Home*, for want of *Foreign Action*.
The *Valiant Man* does hence his *Fame* increace;
Maintains himself by *War*, grows poor by *Peace*.
Hence flow the *Fountains* of detested *Vice*,
Sloth, *Lust*, *Deceit*, and filthy *Avarice*,
Extortion, *Usury*, and *Gains* to excess,
Gripping the Substance of the *Fatherless* :
So they, by *Use* or *Fraud*, their Bags may fill,
In shew of *Goodness*, they'l commit all *Ill* :
Gold, in these Times, can turn the *Wheel of Fate*,
And make them best *Belov'd*, who merit *Hate*.
Gold breeds in the *Soul* such an alteration,
That some desire it more than their *Salvation*.
Some cut Men's *Throats* for *Gold*, commit all
[Evils
Gold makes them *Gods* on *Earth*, and in *Hell*
[Devils
Peace makes *Religion* Faint, and not regarded,
Vertue a *Beggar*, *Learning* unrewarded.

F I N I S.

